

Bluebeard's Chamber

At last my life has been evil And I have shown cruelty To those who were in need of succour:

The poor called to me and I did not hearken And my ears were closed To the cries of the afflicted.

And so did I.

To those who lacked help I have been bitter The inheritance of the fatherless I did take unto myself.

He who came for water went away thirsting

And the outlawed men

I betrayed before dawn.

And so did I.

I wounded the hands that fed me The breasts that gave me suck I did despise. The enemy who spared me I snared in an ambush and sold for a price.

> I am the source of rebellion And with evil I requite good And with wrongdoing kindness.

To my sins I build seven altars My idols aren't of gold nor of silver But of flesh that dies.

Wolves Among Sheep

When the roses are torn from their branches And the blooms hide their beauty in shame White lilies run dry without water And freeze under moons on the wane.

When the fruits from the wombs of their mothers Torn lifekess in autumn's cold haze With eyes already seaked before the first view Would break through the dawn like a blaze.

Behold I will send you
As sheep in the midst of wolves.
Beware of false prophets
Who bok like sheep but are ravenous wolves.

Like wolves a mong sheep.

Then the heavens we chase lie in ashes And our hearts are of poison and lead Then sweet dreams that once slumbered in clover Become hags in the crypts of the dead.

And far east an angel is weeping In midnight's gruesome dusky arm And behind these veils of black velvet Another maiden is loosing her charm.



Raven Rosary

Love she says Is like a gruesome hunger And the wind strays Gently through her hair.

And like a famine Raging faster All across the idle land Her bitter poison takes me down.

> Love she says Is like a devastating Storm that breaks forth From broken chests.

And like a beast She hunts his prey Here in the garden of the dead Her bitter poison takes me down.

Sweep through the marble halls of terror And spell my raven rosary From the celestial halls of horror Echoes the sound of agony.

> Love she says Is like a fatal gamble And you're the one who ever fails Although you dealt the caids.

And like a knife
She cuts through ardent breasts
And gather the shadows o'er your heart
Her bitter poison takes me down.

Raise Of Cain

Cast into the dust but still I will withstand
Into the azure I strike my filthy hand
Raised my voice against the rules that brought me pain
Now I kneel before the altar of the slain.

Drown my house in torment now I live in fear Fall from grace to shed another unseen tear Father turn your head and hide your face in shame See the impaled brother skin before you came.

But you must allow my own world to stand My hut you didn't build my spine you didn't bend When I was a child I didn't know it in from out I turned my confused eyes towards the blackened cloud.

Who helped me against the pride of the titans? Who rescued me from slavery and death? It was you, my sacred glowing heart So glow with ardent, with youthful distress.

In the fields, Cain rose against Abel And slew him softly from behind. And with his brother's blood The first rebellion has burst out To tear the thrones of tyranny in heaven.

The Tempest

Behold, she is coming with the clouds And going with the wind. She tears down the walls of heaven And brings us maladies.

All the tribes of the earth kneel before her And speak her name with grace. She haunts the earthly palace And takes us in her arms.

I have the keys of life and death. I am the monarch of the seven stars. I scatter the storms all over the world. I bring the sun into your hearts.

Behold, she is coming like a thief With a mouth full of honey & blood. She casts down the clouds of sorrow The wicked fall under her strength.

She will give freely to him who is thirsty from the spring of the water of life. Like a tree planted by the streams of water That brings forth its fruits of joy.

The skies are ashen and cold
The nights have unfold
The wings of the plagues.
So call the sweet memories
And save the green leaves
From the grip of the cold.

Whose leaf also does not wither. Whatever she does shall prosper.

Moonfleet

Could I remount the river of my years To the first fountain of our smiles and tears I would not trace again ist streams of hours Between its outworn banks of withered flowers.

I am the hour of darkness I am the heart of the frozen I am the bringer of coldness I am the wound of the chosen.

Where I would walk in spirit and behold Our elements resolved to things untold And fathom hidden wonders and explore The essence of great bosoms now no more.

What is death a quiet of the heart The whole of that of which we are a part For life is but a vision what I see For all which lives alone is life to me.

Could I remount the river of my years To the first fountain of our smiles and tears Where I would walk in spirit and behold Our elements resolved to things untold.



May/The/Wolves/Howl/At/The/Following:

Bands

Sacred Steel, Impending Doom, Wasteland, Psychotron, Despairation, Desolation, Fallen Saints, Desolater, Operation Counterstrike, Delirious, Carpathian Dream, Anubiz, Running Wild, Sentenced, Destruction, Kreator, Purify, Lacrima Christi, Engrained, Acristia, Behind The Scenery, Hypocrisy, Subway To Sally, Headshot, A Colour Cold Black, Grenztanz, Night In Gales, Tarmat, Dissection, Alienated, Avoid, Burden Of Grief, Dark Tranquillity, Witchery, Immortal, Execute, Fading Starlight, Last Sanctuary, Immortal Rites, Ordeal, Personal War, Silent Dreams, Sudden Death, Temple Of The Absurd, Trip Scope, Uppercut, Torment

Fanzines:

Rock Hard, Hammer, Eternity, Heavy Oder Was?, Mystical Music, Into The Pit, Fame Of Metal, Legacy, Iron Pages, Twilight, United Forces Lõrmbelöstigung, Sin Is There, Snake Pit, Spellbound, G.U.C., Vampster.de, Truemetal.de, Powermetal.de

Persons:

Holger @ ABC Roxxon, Thomas & Helge @ TAH,
Otto @ OTR Productions, Jürgen @ Hellion Rec.,
Jörn @ Remedy Rec., Jens "Sibire" Sawadka,
Björn & Tomektor @ Metal Glory, Rising Sun Rec.,
Chris @ Truemetal.de, Jost @ Real/To/Reel Studio,
Marcel @ Twilight Mag., Heiko & Dierk @ JUZ Klex,
Lars & Sven @ JANGTeam,
HSV 96 @ 1. Bundesliga

The Fans:

All Those Who Believed In Us. Hail Brothers And Sisters In Meta!!!!

W/A/S

recorded/mixed/mastered by the incredible Jost Schlüter at Pure Sonic Studios/Langelsheim/Harz in September/October/November 2001 and January/February 2002 manufactured by ABC Roxxon/Hannover

all music composed/arranged/performed by Final Cry 2001/2002 except "The Burning Of Atlanta" by Tony Portaro (1987)

rearranged by Final Cry (2001)

all lyrics
by Burghardt Sonnenburg 2000/2001
except
"Bluebeards Chamber" based upon "The House Of Judgement"
by Oscar Wilde (1894)
"Moonfleet" based upon "A Fragment"
by George Gordon Byron (1816)
"Raise Of Cain" based upon "Prometheus"
by Johann Wolfgang Goethe (1773)

Front Cover painting by Martin Arnold (2002)

Special Thanks go out to: Jost Schlüter, Holger Feldmann, Chris Pinkenburg, Felix Franke, Jens Sawadka, Heiko Zufall, Martin Arnold, Nadja for additional vocals on FIFIF and RIOIC.



